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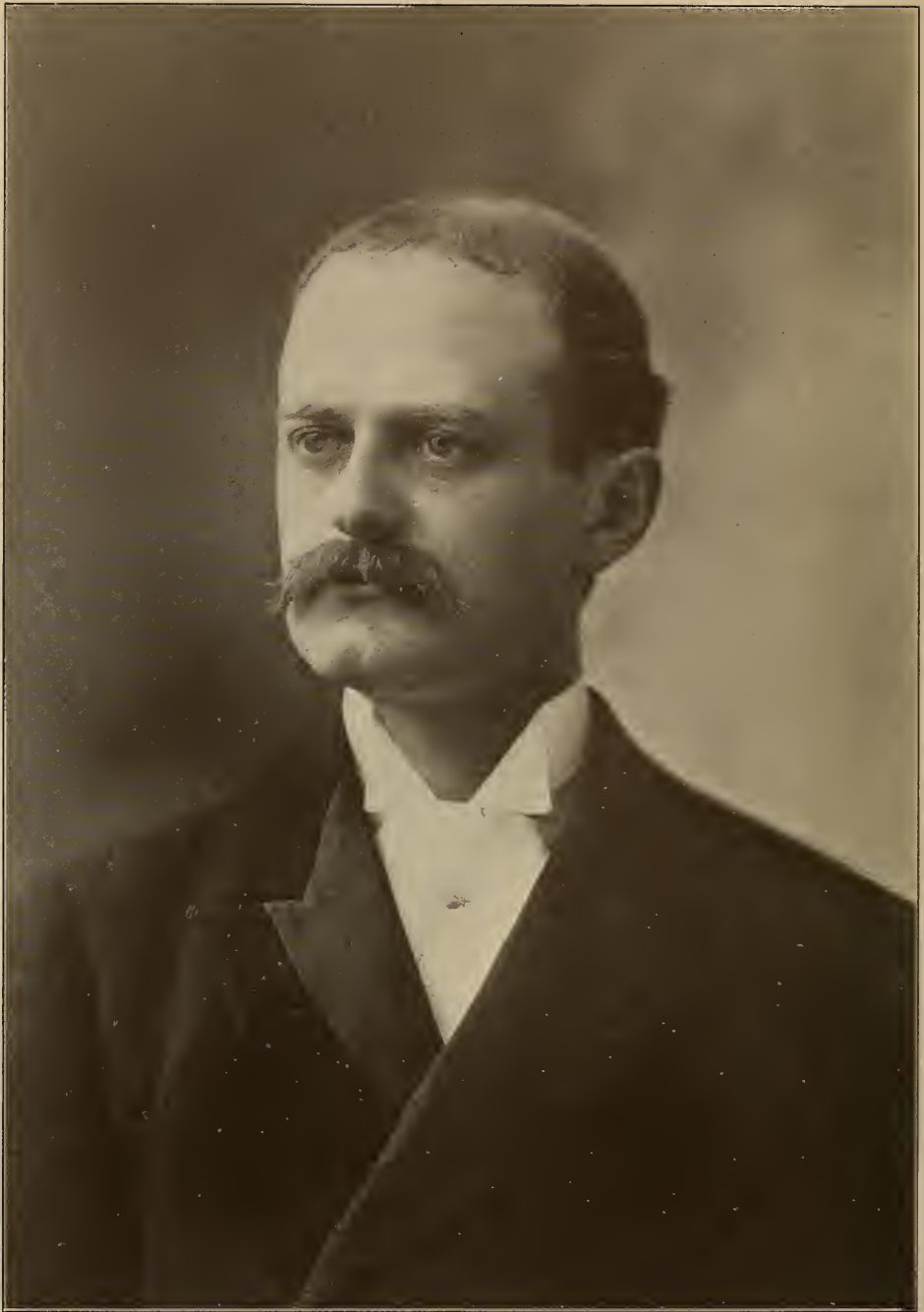
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Alfred Raymond



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E. Raymond, Rosette W. Huntington 2 ed.

Alfred Raymond

BORN

AUGUST 31, 1865, AT LAKEVILLE, CONN.

DIED

OCTOBER 28, 1901, AT BROOKLYN, N. Y.

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*“My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure.”*

“For thou shalt see the Vision, when I go!”

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This memorial contains the principal addresses, resolutions, etc., called forth by my son's death, together with extracts from a few of the many hundred letters of sympathy received by his parents. Of the latter, some are printed with the full names of the writers; the authorship of the remainder is indicated by initials only. In either case, I feel sure that the writers will forgive me for the publicity thus given to their personal expressions of sympathy. Such testimony mightily strengthens our conviction that our son's brief life was not lived in vain.

R. W. R.

Funeral Service

AT PLYMOUTH CHURCH, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

TUESDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 29, 1901.

The service, conducted by Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis, D.D., pastor of Plymouth Church, began with the hymn, "Though love may weep with breaking heart," followed by an invocation and a second hymn, "Tranquil and peaceful is the path to Heaven." After the reading of Scripture, the following addresses were delivered:

ADDRESS BY

REV. NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS, D.D.

Attached to this wreath of flowers is the legend: "*To Our Sir Galahad, from the Knights of the Round Table.*" Verily, these are fitting words; for our Sir Galahad has won his quest, and seen the Holy Grail. The boys and girls whom our dear friend assembled in this band of workers came to look upon their leader as the ideal of their true knight,

who made his conscience to be his king, whose glory was redressing human wrong, who spake no slander, no, nor listened to it, and who through all the tract of years wore "the white flower of a blameless life." And now he has gone to the Vale of Avalon and found the Islands of the Blessed. Having come to us out of the deep, into the deep he has gone. He has fought the good fight. He has transformed innocence into character. And the King who rules over all brave soldiers has counted this young knight returning from a holy war, His well-beloved friend.

When Prince Albert the Good died, Tennyson wrote: "There is but one event in London to-day, and that event—our Prince is dead." And here in Plymouth Church, now, there is but one event—Alfred Raymond is dead. Our great multitude has but one heart, and that heart is very sore. This church had for Alfred Raymond a special love, and in him an honest pride. We were proud of him for what he had done; we loved him for what he was. We built our hopes upon him, because we felt that in coming years we could not expect too much from him. Our church is to be congratulated because of many young men who stand at the forefront of our activities, and toil as leaders in this club and that society; but of all those who march at the head of their various columns, not one will be more missed than this fallen leader. From the hour when he was first stricken,

many of us felt that it was impossible that he could leave us; the ground of our hope was that we did not know how we could get along without him. Our very need argued his recovery. The emergency that was upon us lent us hope. For him to go, was like the removing of hill and mountain out of their places. For the great love that all bore him, everything that skill of physicians, nurses, faithful friends, and lovers could do, was done. After the death of other men, friends have imagined a remedy that might have been used, or suggested a plan that might possibly have rescued life from the jaws of death. These after-thoughts are harrowing and vain. But we need never distress our souls by such reflections in connection with the death of our dear friend. Night after night, through all his illness, a most skilful physician and friend was in the house with the sufferer. Medical resources that not one patient in ten thousand could have, he had, and always. Nurses who knew his temperament, his special dangers, were ever with him. Those who loved him made a brave fight. If ever the will of God was declared fully in events, it was declared to him when the final signals for his departure were hung out.

Now that he has gone, we remember the words of Mr. Beecher, whom he did so love: "To live is to try to be a man; to die is to become one. To live is to be in the twilight; to die is to find the morning breaking

into noon. To live is to be in the ore; to die is to be stamped with the image and superscription of God." Though to us his departure is the uttermost of misfortune, yet to him death is good fortune, the sign and seal of God's approval. Hence we rejoice and, even in our grief, cry out, not "Farewell!" but "All hail!" in glad congratulation.

Standing here and looking into his face, from which the angel of death has smoothed away the lines of pain and sickness, we turn our eyes from his white brow to the face of his great teacher, hanging there upon the wall. Lying one day on the grass in the orchard at Peekskill, Mr. Beecher discoursed at length about Alfred Raymond, who was then a youth in Yale College. Speaking of his hopes for Alfred, Mr. Beecher said of him, "He is my son, begotten in the Gospel." Others there were in Plymouth Church, who were the products of Mr. Beecher's teachings only in part. This church has many great names on its roll of heroes. It has had merchants whose fame went round the world; lawyers also, and editors, physicians, and public men of every rank and class. But many of these men had been shaped in their essential characteristics before they came under Mr. Beecher's influence. They were the sons of great physical strength. In them were assembled the virtues of ancestors many and noble. They came up to the great city to make their fortune. They brought

with them qualities that made them kings among their fellows. At twenty or thirty or forty, they came under the influence of the great preacher. He perfected them, but others had stretched the canvas and painted the outline of the portrait. Mr. Beecher did but put in the final tints and lend glory and luster to the face. But he felt that by way of pre-eminence Alfred Raymond was spiritually his son; born in a home of parents whose youth he had trained, and who had lived their lives in the atmosphere of his presence and teaching. These parents took the principles for which Mr. Beecher stood, and set them upon the plastic and receptive mind of the child in the cradle. Alfred Raymond fed his intellect on Mr. Beecher's statement of truth. The religious affections which Mr. Beecher declared lent richness to his heart. He accepted Mr. Beecher's idea of the love of God, the principle of sympathy and self-sacrifice, and the deep truths upon which he laid out the general lines of his life. Therefore the pastor felt a natural pride in the child of his instruction. He pointed to him as the fruitage and product of his teaching. "This is the kind of character," he said, "that I have tried to rear." The old Calvinists pointed to their men of iron; Cromwell said that John Milton was the type of man that could be produced by the principles for which he himself stood. Do you ask what kind of character is produced by Mr. Beecher's system of the-

ology? We point to Alfred Raymond. You speak of duty and invincible adherence to the standards of righteousness; what Puritan ever more truly followed the dictates of conscience, as the needle follows the pole, than Alfred Raymond? Did he not love truth in the inner parts? Was he not ready to swear to his own hurt, and change not? Did you ever know anyone who could more truly say with Paul, "I am willing to spend and be spent, even though the more I love the less I am beloved?" What youth ever had more moral earnestness, a purer heart, a more stainless life? What an atmosphere of goodness he carried! What happiness he diffused on every side! What simplicity and sincerity were his! How keen his sense of justice! What genius for friendship! Indeed, how shall we summarize his character better than by saying: He loved; he was most lovable; he was the well-beloved one.

In this hour, when we keep our tryst with memory, and recall what he was, one thought trembles upon all lips—the thought of his versatility, and the various forms of his service. If we speak of our indebtedness to him, we owe him for service in every department of our church life. Indeed, there was almost nothing that man does that he could not do. He was a scholar, and he loved books. He was a teacher with skill in assembling the treasures of wisdom and giving them forth to pupils in our school. He was both

orator and actor, able alike to inspire us in our prayer-meeting, and delight us elsewhere with his interpretations of wit and humor. He was a musician, and one of the leading forces in our choir; yet he could write the words of "The Heir Apparent," and then entertain our League the long evening through with his unaided skill. He was an artist; and I have seen him make the title-page of a book as beautiful with blue and gold and crimson as the page of an illuminated missal. He was an architect, and had the real creative touch. In an era when the art of letter-writing is almost lost, he could describe the foreign city in which he lingered, the battle-scene, the old cathedral, the fallen tower, the great picture, until you felt that you were yourself seeing what he saw, while over all his pages breathed the sense of infinite leisure—the true test of letter-writing.

But above all he was the true Christian man. Day by day he tried to do Christ's work. His good deeds for our poor and weak now glow like bright torches, flaming in the night of misfortune. That story fills our hearts with gladness and our eyes with tears. Here and now we forget how versatile he was, because we remember how *good* he was. He was our bravest; he was also our best. Where we failed, he succeeded. You and I know that we shall come out of this long life-battle and conflict with sin, our garments all begrimed with smoke, our shields dented,

our swords dulled. But our Sir Galahad went through battles as thick with peril as any we fight, and came out victorious. His example shames us, even while it lends us new incentives and nobler ambition. He did, what we have taught. He was, what we aspire to be. He has fallen in the battle; but falling, he shall slay more in his death than in his life. And now, while he passes upward, we cry out, "God accept him; Christ receive him!"

ADDRESS BY REV. ROBERT E. CARTER
OF WASHINGTON, CONN.

"God hath His mysteries of grace,
Ways that we can not tell,
But He hides them deep, like the secret sleep
Of him he loved so well."

We do not apologize for God; we do not make excuses; we do not even try to explain. God doeth gloriously; His ways are triumphant ways; we believe, we trust, we hope. We have traveled far enough with this Friend to know that though He often does things strangely, He never does anything unkindly, or unwisely. He doeth all things well. Martin Luther used to say: "The Lord our God doeth like a printer, who setteth his type backward;

we cannot gather the meaning here, but it shall come out clearly when we see the fair print in the life beyond.”

But the goodness of God is not all written in hieroglyphics, for whose interpretation we must wait until hereafter. Much of God's goodness we have revealed even now. In Alfred Raymond's life, here so suddenly, so sadly ended, how much of God's great goodness to us already appears. Peculiarly winning! wonderfully gifted! How many gifts of God were in the giving of this life! One of the marvels of recent physical discovery is that of a composition which gives a great deal of light in a very short time—a flash full of exceeding brightness. Ah! God made that discovery long, long ago; and He used it in the making of some human lives. I suppose that if we counted the days out of the year, in which Alfred Raymond was with us in Washington, they would be really very few, a day or two days for each week of the short summer; and yet how much his life was to our place! What brightness it brought! He was the center of all our best cheer. We waited for him and depended on him in all our merrymaking. In our times of gladness your Sir Galahad was our King Alfred! So much brightness from his life came to us in a very short time!

And that brightness is not done away,—not for us, and not for you. It has been, and it is, and it always

will be: only there is added to it the new brightness unutterable, beyond the vision of our human eyes. As in the far North, at summer-time, the night takes some of the light from the day that is dying, and some of the light from the day that is coming, and behold! there is no darkness; it is all light; it is all day:—so is it not possible that you and I can take some of the brightness of the day that is past, and some of the brightness of the eternal day that is yet to be, and drive the darkness, even of death, away? Alas for us if it were not so! Death would be doubly death, save as we moved in such a faith.

“ Alas for him who never sees
 The stars shine through his cypress trees!
 Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
 Nor looks to see the breaking day
 Across the mournful marbles play;
 Who has not learned in hours of faith,
 The truth, to flesh and sense unknown,
 That life is ever lord of death
 And love can never lose its own!”

But there is another word we would say to you; and this, too, a word of confidence in the goodness of God. No experience comes to us in life, but it has a key in its hand. It opens new doors for us to enter. It is a messenger whom the Lord sendeth before His

face to prepare the way before Him. Even the hardest things of all have something to teach us, something to bring into our lives. There is a wonderful word of the Lord Jesus, where He says, "Everyone must be salted with fire." That means that the savor, the taste, the salt is put into every life by the fire in it, by its burdens and troubles and sacrifices. The sweetness, the flavor, of human life is put into it by the burdens it bears, the labors it performs, the offerings it makes. How true that is! Does that life have the true taste of motherhood in which no burdens or sacrifices of a mother ever come? Does that life have the genuine flavor of citizenship which is all sordid and selfish and corrupt in its public service, into which no flavor of sacrifice and loyal service ever comes? And in the Christian life the true flavor of Christ comes with the cross; it is salted with fire. And here, in the hour of sorrow, the Lord requires of us that we render up in sacrifice the savor of the sweet taste of Christian life.

“ Ah! if Himself Christ comes to thee, and stands
 Beside thee, gazing down on thee with eyes
 That smile and suffer;
 And reach to thee Himself the holy cup
 Pallid and royal, saying, ‘ Drink with me,’
 Wilt thou refuse? Nay, not for paradise!
 The pale brow will compel thee; the pure hands

Will minister unto thee; thou shalt take
 Of that communion through the solemn depths
 Of the dark waters of thine agony.”

Perhaps there is no service of human life so genuine in the sight of God as this which we can render in the day of our resignation.

But God leaves us neither to bear our sorrow, nor to transform it into our glory, by ourselves alone. God has many great angels who wait before Him, ever ready to go forth and do His bidding; but one, the greatest of all, the Angel of His Presence, He sends forth to the help of those who are broken-hearted. As John Wesley said in his day of darkness: “The best of all is, God is with us.” He is our strength and our helper all the day long.

God would not have you sorrow less than you do; for God knows, knows even better than we do, how worthy was the life of Alfred Raymond of our sorrow, how worthy of our tears. He knows how we miss him, for He made him one who would be greatly missed.

Yet God would not have you sorrow more than you do; for God knows, knows even better than we do, how great is the light unto which we lift our eyes. Let us walk in this light (for we are children of the light) until the day break and the shadows—all the shadows—flee away!

ADDRESS BY FRED. W. HINRICHS

OF BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Let me speak from my heart, as a representative of Plymouth Sunday School and the allied branches of the religious life and work of Plymouth Church, a few unpremeditated words.

The first time I met Alfred Raymond, he was on his way to the Long Island College Hospital, to minister to the sick and suffering by song and reading and kindly sympathy. The last time I saw him, he was in his classroom in our Sunday School, surrounded by the young men to whom he was giving, not only instruction in Biblical study, but also the inspiring example of a gentle, noble life.

It was not long that we had him with us as a companion in our work. He returned to us, after many years of study at college and university, and of foreign travel, an accomplished man, fully equipped for the duties of life. And here he devoted himself, with all his talents and acquirements, to the service of Jesus Christ. Although this activity, as it seems to us who remain, was ended all too soon, we must count his life as one of the few completely successful ones; for it fulfilled the highest conception of life. Such a conception came to me when once I lay on my bed, suffering with the very fever which slew our friend, and not knowing whether it would be my fate to live or

to pass away. I remember how I felt, at that time, a kind of intellectual satisfaction in the thought that, if I should die, some of the great mysteries of life and death would be solved for me. This thought became itself the beginning of a new revelation, leading me to perceive that, for the fulfilment of the highest ideals of life, we must be tender, true, and helpful servants of others, using our strength in order that those who are weak may receive strength.

Alfred Raymond did not need to have this revelation made to him through hours of pain and weakness. It was the habitual atmosphere of his tireless and manifold activity. Of such a kindly life we have had in him an uplifting example. Every time I met him I felt that I was becoming a better man, because of that meeting.

Christ spake, and opened His arms. His loving invitation was obeyed; and Alfred Raymond was folded in the eternal embrace.

But while we say that he is dead, I feel that he is now standing at my side, with his kindly hand upon my shoulder, and saying to you through me: "If you loved me, can you forget or neglect for a moment this church that was so dear to me,—its worship, its fellowship, its Sunday School, its sweet traditions and associations? If you loved me, will you not with new fervor and devotion pledge yourselves to the service of this sacred work?"

When we look upon our pastor, standing bereft of this strong, hopeful, helpful friend, as he has been of many others in recent years, how can we lose our zeal in the cause of the Master, who needs us more, not less, by reason of these earthly losses?

In loving memory of Alfred Raymond, let us emulate the beauty, gentleness and unselfish devotion of his character, and the generosity with which his many talents and accomplishments were always placed at our service. Let us strive to do our share towards filling, in some measure, at least, the place which his translation to a higher activity leaves so sadly empty here. "If you love me," I am sure he is saying to us now, "if you love me, do this for my sake." May that voice reach our hearts, and that message abide unforgotten as an inspiration throughout our lives!

PRAYER BY REV. SAMUEL SCOVILLE

ASSISTANT PASTOR OF PLYMOUTH CHURCH

Lord Jesus, our Saviour and Friend! How often in the days and weeks past have we said, with the watching ones of this household, "Lord, he whom Thou lovest is sick!" and have waited, hopeful! But no ap-

peals, no prayers, no vigils—neither care nor science, nor love, deep and abiding, could avail; and now we stand here in the presence of a great Silence! We cannot say, as was said of old, “If Thou hadst been here our brother had not died;” for Thou wert here, yet Death came, too. Thou didst strengthen our hearts with hope through the long struggle; and when that hope was gone, behold! Thou didst replace it with a larger, brighter hope, embracing the world beyond the horizon, and still able to strengthen the heart.

We cannot grasp Thy purpose with the fullness of understanding. We stand in the shadow of a mystery; but it is not all darkness. When we see Thee giving to death an ineffable joy, then the darkness gives way to light; for we see the sun, and beyond the sun the opening of eternal glory, where life is all and always, and death is not. And walking in this light, we are ready to say, “Because Thou wert here, and art here evermore, our brother did not die!”

And this light which thus transfigures our sorrow, what is it but a faint reflection of that mighty glory into which our brother has entered! Oh! what meetings are there; what gladness of fellowship; what perfect vision; what strength of abiding youth; what joy of unwearying service! And, as through earthly years his every joy was shared with others, so now we

are cheered, even in our sorrow, by the overflow of his heavenly bliss unutterable.

We thank Thee, O God! for what Thou gavest to us through him, and for the precious memories he has left us. Every influence a benediction; every act a seed of good fruit; home a center of radiant love and peace unbroken; the Church of Christ another home; all occupations and accomplishments of life the vehicles of noble aspiration and unselfish service! How many hearts are drawn to Thee by these recollections of him!

Heavenly Father, who gavest Thy Son for the world, be very near unto these parents who have given their children unto Thee! Bless them again and again with the gracious influence of Thy Holy Spirit, that their faith fail not in any hour of weakness and loneliness. Tenderly comfort and sustain, we pray Thee, the daughter who now remains the only one in visible presence of that family of children, so many of whom are with Thee, in the place that is being prepared for those who remain a little longer here. And to all this numerous company of kindred, a great family—blessed be Thy name!—one family in heaven and on earth, grant the eternal companionship of love inseparable.

Let this sacred sympathy of sorrow be an abiding inspiration to this church of Christ—a new bond of union; a new memorial of glorious history; a new

baptism unto life everlasting. We pray for the pastor of this church, that he despair not under this great loss, or any loss which does but promote to higher service the soldiers he has led. Raise up new soldiers, to fill the places and emulate the courage, patience, loyalty, and skill of those who are gone. There is no accident in Thy kingdom. There is nothing beyond the reach of Thy grace, mercy, and comfort, and nothing which can defeat Thy victory.

Bestow upon all the comrades and friends of Alfred Raymond the blessing of his serene, triumphant life and death, to abide with them through all the years to come.

And grant unto us all in this world the ever-growing knowledge of Thy truth, and in the world to come, life everlasting. So, when all of earth has passed away, and Heaven opens for us the shining gate of death, we will enter with great joy, to be forever with our beloved and with Thee! *Amen.*

The congregation united in singing "The Shining Shore"—the triumphant funeral hymn immemorably dear to Plymouth Church; after which Dr. Hillis said:

"Alfred Raymond was also a soldier. His stock was the stock of brave men. His great-great-grandfathers on both

sides served in the Continental Army of the American Revolution. His great-grandfather was a soldier in the War of 1812. His grandfather was a leader in the peaceful struggle for liberty and against slavery which preceded the War of the Rebellion, and his father was an officer in the Union Army during that war. He was himself, for more than the legal time, a member of our Twenty-third Regiment of the National Guard of the State of New York, and when that regiment was called out to resist public violence, he did his part bravely and gladly, as a defender of order and law. In recognition of his record as a Companion of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States, and a member of the Twenty-third Regiment of New York State, a comrade will, at the end of this service, sound the familiar farewell bugle-call of ' Taps ' over this Christian soldier."

In accordance with this announcement, and after the benediction had been pronounced, the well-known signal of a soldier's rest was sounded as the last note of the funeral service.

Memorial Meeting of Plymouth Church

FRIDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 1, 1901

REMARKS OF S. V. WHITE

More than a hundred and fifty years ago an English poet, Rev. Edward Young, published the poem called "The Complaint, or Night Thoughts." It was much read when I was a youth, and no belles-lettres scholar would have counted his education complete unless it embraced a familiarity with this book. The verses were written at a period of great affliction, involving the loss of both wife and child. I read it in my boyhood, and certain of its lines on the subject of death have stayed with me until the present time. I quote the lines, without emphasis upon the first part, which is, perhaps, cynical and bitter. In the second part, I find the thought for this evening. The lines sprang instinctively to my mind for utterance when I saw the parents of this beloved young man bereft of their son.

“ Like other tyrants, death delights to smite,
 What, smitten, most proclaims the pride of power
 And arbitrary nod. His joy supreme
 To bid the wretch survive the fortunate ;
 The feeble wrap the athletic in his shroud ;
 And weeping fathers build their children’s tomb,—
 Me thine, oh loved one !

What though short thy date ?
Virtue, not rolling suns, the mind matures.
That life is long which answers life’s great end.”

Dr. Hillis read the other evening, at the funeral service, a similar thought expressed in a writing much older than that of Rev. Edward Young, namely, the passage from the Book of Wisdom, to be found in the Bible, as used by the Catholic Church, which says,

“ Wisdom is the gray hair unto men, and an unspotted life is old age.”¹

We, here in Plymouth Church, have hoped for so much in the coming generation from Alfred Raymond; we felt such bitter disappointment when the sad news came, with the cruel thought that we could see him or depend upon him no more,—that we have failed to realize how much he has already done. We have not realized fully the truth that

“ That life is long which answers life’s great end.”

¹ *Wisdom* iv. 9.

We have failed to realize that

“An unspotted life is old age.”

Thirty-six years was the period of his sojourn here. Those of us who have been members of this church a longer time than that have seen him—baby, child, youth, student, young man, and soldier equipped, in the full panoply of Christian manhood, for the Christian warfare. We had come to depend upon him so much, and to feel that his usefulness was a treasure which we would enjoy for so many years!

At first sight there was nothing but sadness and darkness. He was most thoroughly prepared to live. Has it occurred to you that he who is most thoroughly prepared to live is best prepared to die?

Let me glance at a few characteristics of this young man, that we may the better realize what I shall try to make the burden of my address,—that he entered into the life beyond with every faculty equipped for the highest and best enjoyment. A great Latin writer made one of his characters say what I shall translate to you freely and liberally,

“I am a man, and I deem that nothing which is manly is foreign to myself.”¹

With what fidelity to truth young Raymond could

¹ “Homo sum, et nihil humani alienum puto.”

say this! He lived a life of enjoyment, with every faculty attuned to the quickest perceptions of joy and gladness. His sense of humor was so delicate and appreciative that if you would but suggest the germ of a humorous thought his mind turned it into the fullest efflorescence on the instant. When the Dooley papers began first to satirize at once the foibles of political life on the one hand, and the imperfect appreciation of vital questions on the other, I remember to have heard Alfred Raymond read them to a group of friends who were convulsed with his reading of the wit and the humor of the text. His was the deepest and fullest appreciation of what was involved in the satire; and, although I had been previously lightly reading, and, as I thought, appreciating, these papers, I confess that his rendition of the text, embellished with his own appreciative humor, gave me an insight into them such as I never had had before.

You all remember the little operettas in which he had so prominent a part, not only as composer, but also as performer. What delicate subtlety there was in the ridiculous positions of his characters! How his eyes twinkled, and how the smiles played around his lips, as he evolved the little *opera bouffe*! I never knew a man with a keener appreciation of humor and of the pleasantries of life than Alfred Raymond had. How all the graces seemed to wait upon him! Wit,

Anecdote, Sentiment, Letters, Art, Science, Music, and Poesy were his attendants, and gave charm and beauty to his life.

But he turned from these pleasantries to the Christian duties which confronted him; and, with earnest heart and willing hands, he did the things which his judgment dictated to be the best for the Church and for the community. He rallied about him the boys and girls, the "Knights and Ladies of the Round Table," giving days and evenings of his time and thought for the uplifting of these young minds and hearts. No duty that presented itself as necessary to be done ever found in him an unwilling response.

He adopted architecture as a profession, giving it patient, careful toil, and was growing in achievement and name and fame in that profession. As Dr. Hillis mentioned at his funeral, he was great-great-grandson of a Revolutionary sire; he was great-grandson of a soldier of the War of 1812; he was the son of a veteran in the War of the Rebellion; and he, the tender-hearted, loving young man, entered the National Guard of our State and became a soldier, with a conscientious recognition that upon the stability of the military power of the State depended the public safety of property and of life. One is reminded of the lines written by Dr. Johnson for Goldsmith's tablet in Westminster Abbey:

“There was almost nothing in the department of letters which he did not touch, and nothing which he touched that he did not adorn.”¹

And young Raymond's life is a subject for these same words, applied to deeds as well as letters.

With all this beauty of character, he has gone from us. Let no dotting, loving heart ever harbor the thought that he has gone prematurely. He was so well fitted to live, that he was at all times fitted to die.

And so, unbroken by life's great afflictions, unscathed by the lightnings of fierce trial, he has gone to his reward. I have lived nearly twice as long as he lived. My active business career has been nearly four times as long as his was. I know, perhaps in an intenser degree than most persons do, how acute and terrible is the anguish of life and of its complications; and knowing what I do about them and about him, feeling a depth of sympathy for his beloved parents too intense for expression, I feel, now and here, that were I they, and could I by a word undo the tragedy of the last few weeks, I should tremble to speak that word. Oh, the terrible force in life and in death of that sentence of Daniel Webster, “The past at least is secure”!

¹ “Qui nullum fere scribendi genus
Non tetigit,
Nullum quod tetigit, non ornavit.”

These words were spoken, as you all know, in eulogy of the early history of a great State; but how many interpretations they bear, and what fitness they have to a career rounded up—so perfect, although so short—as was the career of Alfred Raymond! “Secure,” a strength which had never broken under temptation. “Secure,” a beneficence which had never felt the blight of selfishness! “Secure,” a love won from every community in which he has ever moved, in the sweet unison of whose harmonies there has never been heard a discord!

Alfred Raymond lived a life of virtue; and

“Virtue, not rolling suns, the mind matures.”

He showed, by his works, by his acts, and by his example, how to “answer life’s great end,” and

“That life is long which answers life’s great end.”

His was an unspotted life, and

“An unspotted life is old age.”

REMARKS OF H. W. B. HOWARD, FOR THE CHOIR
AND MUSIC COMMITTEE OF PLYMOUTH CHURCH

Alfred Raymond was, indeed, a most valuable member of the Choir and the Music Committee; but he

was so many other things besides, and I was closely associated with him in so many lines of our church work, that I may not limit myself to this topic. It is, in fact, the variety of his labors among us that really is my theme, together with a consideration of the wisdom of our accepting so much from any one member as we received from him, in view of the interests that must suffer when such an one drops by the way. It is so well known that Alfred Raymond did nearly everything better than any one else could do anything, that I mention it now only for emphasis. His departure is to us not merely that of a beloved friend and potent co-worker, but of the chief mover in so many spheres of our church work that the cry arises on every side, "Our leader is gone!"

In the Music Committee, Alfred was so efficient that we sought to have him re-elected as often as the rules of the church would permit. He knew music; he knew the voice; he knew how to bring about the things that ought to come to pass. He was so essentially a part of the responsible directorate of the church music, that even during the "year off" which the rules of the church require, we still looked for his coöperation, and, in emergencies, during the absence from town of the members of the committee, we depended wholly on him,—as we did, so securely, last summer.

To the choir he brought what was easily the best

voice in his part; and his musical certainty helped all the others. Regular attendance in a volunteer choir is a quality as valuable as any other; and the invariable presence of this faithful member was an influence that told materially on the choir-work you have enjoyed in these past few years. The voice he gave to your service, steadily improving under cultivation, was a solo voice,—as we all know, who have heard him entertain the Plymouth League with his singing for a whole evening; but he gave it to the service of Plymouth Church, as he did all his talents, gladly and unreservedly. How deep an impression he made on his associates in the choir, as a friend, was shown on that sacred evening when we met in this room for his funeral, at which there were present, on a notice sent out only over-night, practically the whole choir, including every one of the soloists who were in the city.

I have been thinking of the various interests in this church that will be affected by the departure of Alfred Raymond; I have counted up nearly a dozen lines of work in which he was *officially* a significant, or the chief, or the only, factor; and, as I now recall sundry things that he did incidentally, but quite regularly, the list of his activities among us continues to grow. Taking our church work at large, I do not know of a circle among us that will not now have a vacancy to fill.

Under the influence of such a loss, there will be a generous desire to do something to “fill Alfred Raymond’s place.” But no one can fill the place of any other; and if, without the vain attempt to fill his place, we do what we can to see that Alfred Raymond’s work is continued, it will take a good many of us to do it. We, who saw him do things in public so easily, or saw what he brought to pass, in quieter ways, little realized how much conscientious *work* he gave to the enterprises he undertook among us. He had great talent, in many directions; but he did not rely on talent and inspiration to do the things that satisfied us,—he *worked* over them beforehand, and gave us the results of intelligent labor, with talent behind it. That is why he did things so much better than the rest of us.

It is a natural question—and I offer it for consideration now—whether it is wise for us to let any one person do so much as Alfred Raymond has done for Plymouth Church. Not on his account,—men of his kind will work for some interest, just as he worked for us; and work for Plymouth Church brought its own satisfaction to him, as it did to his father and his father’s father,—but for the sake of the church. Can we afford to have so many interests vitally affected as they must be when we lose such a man as Alfred Raymond? Naturally, we like to have everything done in the best way, and we turn to such men to do

them in that way. We cannot expect that men as unselfish as he was, will refuse to render services for which they are qualified. But we may easily come to depend on them for so much that, when they go from us, we shall be called on, as we are now, to take upon ourselves more than we can readily provide for.

It is a relief to be able to make this question of church economy the burden of my remarks. I could not trust myself to dwell too much on the personal element. I have lost a brother in the church and a constant associate in all my own church work. Beyond that, I have lost a cousin and brother in our family, born when I was a well-grown boy, and developed through youth to manhood while I was seeking to find my place among men; and yet it was he the younger, rather than I the elder, who was the exemplar as to matters of character and conduct. I dare not enter here upon that more intimate relationship.

Yet, here in Plymouth Church, we are so much like one family, that I am sure this personal experience is not peculiar to me, though mine were the special ties of kinship with him.

We all know that we have had a radiant, Christ-like young man among us, and that his influence will not cease so long as we cherish his memory and continue his labors.

REMARKS OF CHAUNCEY IVES, FOR THE YOUNG
MEN'S CLUB OF PLYMOUTH CHURCH

The members of the Young Men's Club of Plymouth Church, after hoping and clinging to the last, to the least chance of recovery (it being so hard to understand that we must give him up), are overwhelmed with the sense of our great loss, when we are forced to realize that our beloved President has gone from among us. We are dazed, and for the time being are like a ship at sea without a rudder; he was so much, in so many ways, to this club and its members. The first and only thought that comes clearly to us now in our sorrow, is, What can we do in loving memorial of him?

He has left behind a memory of ceaseless activity in the faithful service and interest of everything connected with this great, historic church, which he loved so much. How can we more fittingly evidence our appreciation of him than by determining, God helping us, to stand more closely shoulder to shoulder, in trying to fill this great vacancy of loving service?

No one man of us can fill his place, or, in any large sense, supply his gentle, yet remarkably forceful, personality; but his going from us should bring us to what we know he would ask of us, in memory of him, — a closer touch with each other, for larger and more

united efforts in the consecrated work to which he was so devoted.

He walked before us, the pattern of a true Christian gentleman, abounding in good works, full of the tenderest consideration for others, and the highest conscientious faithfulness to duty. One of the hottest nights last summer, I found him down at the Italian Mission on Front Street, trying to teach and lift up, by personal touch, those poor Italian boys. The surroundings were anything but inviting on such an evening; but love and duty were his first and only considerations.

Shakspeare says, "The evil that men do lives after them; the good is oft interred with their bones." Alas! we recognize this too often; but the immortal influence for good which this brave young man has left in our hearts, will long survive; and we shall all live nobler lives, with higher aspirations, that Alfred Raymond has lived among us. For his labors and for his example of love, we rise up and call him blessed.

REMARKS OF HORATIO C. KING

Alfred Raymond was born the very month I took up my residence in Brooklyn; and, being in the same domestic circle, I have known him and watched his

development through thirty-six years, and with an interest stimulated by his childhood's precocity and attractive presence, his never-failing good nature and his gradually unfolding and brilliant attainments. Much has been said of his unusual versatility. I recall that, before he went to college, he was always the admired center of a group of little ones, who listened with deep enjoyment to his improvised fairy tales; and in all our social entertainments he was always a leading spirit. He was a poet, an actor, a musician, a composer, an artist, an architect, with an inexhaustible fund of invention and a masterful tact in performance. As a librettist he had as keen a humor as Gilbert, and as a topical song-writer he was unique. After the Spanish war, Admiral Dewey was a guest of the Loyal Legion at Delmonico's in New York, and Alfred sang one of his Spanish war-ditties, which convulsed the great assemblage of veterans after every verse, and especially pleased the hero of Manila Bay, who was incidentally mentioned. Alfred was excellent also in the higher realm of poetry, and to such a degree that he received from the Society of the Army of the Potomac an invitation to deliver a poem at its Annual Reunion which, by reason of a modest appreciation of his own merits, he declined.

If I were to draw any lesson from his active, beautiful life, it would be that, even from the low level of mere enjoyment, it "pays" to be a Christian. Al-

fred was here, there, and everywhere, always doing something to make others happy: and he received his reward in the reciprocal happiness which is sure to come. In church work, in the social circle, in his company in the Twenty-third Regiment (to which he left a legacy of capital songs), and in every relation he was always the same joyful, hopeful, helpful Christian, filling the atmosphere around him with the exhalations of his own lovely nature. He made the world better by his presence; and he has, by precept and practice, by speech and by example, made an impression upon his fellows, and especially upon the young men and women of this church, which will not soon be forgotten. This has been a sad year for Plymouth, in the loss of some of its most illustrious and useful members, among whom Alfred Raymond was conspicuous.

REMARKS OF FRANK M. BROOKS

Alfred Raymond's special association with the young men of Plymouth Church began with the organization of the Young Men's Union, about twelve years ago. This society grew out of a meeting of a few young men at the home of Mr. Thomas J. Tilney, and soon reached a membership of from one

hundred to one hundred and twenty-five, nearly all of whom were, by special appointment, engaged in one or more of the activities of Plymouth Church, then under the pastorate of Dr. Abbott.

Alfred Raymond was known to all the members as a valuable and energetic associate, active in committees and skilful in suggestion, and always as willing to serve in the ranks as to lead.

To enumerate the many fields covered by Alfred Raymond in this connection, would be to repeat what all belonging to Plymouth Church well know; but many other things, done by him outside of the immediate church circle, were known only to a few. Among these might be mentioned his regular attendance at a Boy's Club in the Bethel, where, week after week, he never failed to provide amusement, instruction, and education, combined with the inspiration which his personal character and bearing always gave. This influence was invariably felt, and has not been lost, I am confident, by those whom he was striving to help.

For about three years he went nearly every Sunday afternoon (except during the summer months) to the Long Island College Hospital, accompanied by a few others, of whom I was one. With a portable organ and song-books for the patients to use, we visited every ward, carrying organ and books. This hospital, because of its location, receives the most dis-

tressing accident cases, including those occurring along the water-front and also in the poorer sections of the city. Very many of the patients were friendless, and many were hopelessly ill. They all longed for Sunday, when Alfred Raymond and the other singers would be there. It was our custom to visit the sailors' ward last; and how those bed-ridden sailors roared out "Pull for the shore" and other familiar strains, none of us will ever forget.

On several occasions Alfred Raymond spent an afternoon there, giving a talk on travel, illustrated with stereopticon views. At other times he read aloud to an entire ward, visiting several in succession. Is it any wonder that people loved him?

Alfred Raymond was a true follower of the Great Physician, insomuch that he visited the sick, comforted the hopeless, cheered the faint-hearted, and gave courage to those who needed it.

What better can any one do?

REMARKS OF BENJAMIN F. BLAIR

I came here with some thoughts of my own to express; but since I came into the room I have seen a letter written by Alfred Raymond, only a few weeks ago, which shows his real character and spirit so much

better than any words of mine could, that I want to read it in lieu of what I intended to say.

This letter was written to our Brother Ayers, to express the writer's sympathy for him in the loss of his daughter, Alice; and it is worth noting, as indicating the quickness of Alfred's sympathy, that, out of more than sixty letters of condolence which Brother Ayers received, this was the third in point of time.

Brother Ayers could not command his feelings sufficiently to be able to read the letter here himself, and has kindly allowed me the privilege of doing so.

The letter is as follows:

99 JOHN ST., NEW YORK,
Sept. 10th, 1901.

My dear Mr. Ayers:

How can I express in words my sympathetic share in your grief? The news of Miss Alice's sudden departure reached me only this morning, and stirred me profoundly. It seems as though I could not bear to have it so. Her strong, helpful, cheery nature was such a power in our work and social life at Plymouth, and her sweet voice so devoutly graced our worship. As a friend and co-worker, I shall miss her keenly, and my own sense of loss gives me an insight into your sorrow. And yet, may not we—who have so long been taught eloquently and tenderly from our beloved pastors in Plymouth, and from the lives and example of our brethren, such inspiring truth of God's all-embracing love and the continuity of

life—may we not rise above our pain and grief to something like triumphant joy?

Last week, in our country home, my mother's cousin, a maiden lady of about her own age, after a happy summer with us, passed quietly away without premonition or pain. Only a short hour before, she had been playing merrily with my sister's baby. Both Mother and Lily, my sister, were sitting near, chatting or reading, and thought she had dozed off to sleep. Lily had never seen death before, but she told me that the sight of this beautiful transition was one of the most wonderful experiences of her whole life. There was no "shadow of death," but it seemed, rather, that a radiant light passed over the beloved features. So sudden a departure is a strong evidence of the continuity of life,—a sweet object-lesson sent by a loving Father.

I know you will rejoice, my dear friend, in this belief, and find comfort in it, in the midst of pain and sorrow. God hath not smitten in anger and punishment. He is teaching, tenderly and in various ways, through the mystery of suffering and death, His eternal truth. Are not the lives of both your daughters radiant lessons? Are you not proud to think God counted you worthy to be enriched with the treasure of their precious lives,—*your* treasure through all eternity? Oh, believe me, God's blessings abide always; He never takes away what once He has given.

I write from a full heart and cannot say all I feel for you and your wife and daughter Florence. May God send you all the comfort of His presence and the realization of the nearness of Himself and your beloved.

Your sincere friend,

ALFRED RAYMOND.

REMARKS OF FRANK RUDD

I do not come to-night to speak for Plymouth League. That the League will do, in another time and way. What I have to say of Alfred Raymond is what no one else can say—for it relates to the last words he uttered in this room, speaking to my wife and myself after the prayer-meeting had closed, and when nearly every one had passed out. “For once in my life,” said he, “I came, feeling that I really had something to say to the people at Plymouth prayer-meeting. I felt full up to here”—putting his hand to his throat. “I could hardly get here fast enough, I was so eager to speak. I am downright disappointed!”

We asked him what it was that so stirred him up. “Oh,” he said, “I have had such a beautiful experience this summer—just like a wonderful sunset. It was a death in our family. A dear lady, a cousin of my mother’s, was spending the summer with us, and we had all greatly enjoyed being together; and then, just as all the pleasant time seemed coming to a close, her life went out one day, quite peacefully, without any pain, as she lay resting on Mother’s bed; she just went naturally to sleep. We had her funeral services at our house and Father conducted them, and what I heard Father say at that funeral made life and death and the other world all seem so different to me from anything I ever thought before, that I

felt as if I had made a great discovery, and I have been in a state of exaltation ever since. I won't try to tell you of all the working of it in my mind; but it has brought me home full to the brim with desire to give myself and my time and all I can do to help Dr. Hillis this winter; and I wanted to make an earnest appeal to the non-workers of this church, young and old, to enter into a covenant with *me*, to work with me in upholding Dr. Hillis's hands, and helping him all we can. Oh, I had so much to say; and, when the meeting took such a different turn, I felt it was all out of place; and now—I fear my chance is gone forever.”

After that, he went on to speak of Plymouth League, and what he intended to do for that, and asked me to forgive him for having had me made Vice-President, though I had said I did not wish to serve this year; saying that he had had me named Vice-President to work *with him*.

And then we went out together arm-in-arm from this room, hallowed ever since by his memory, and doubly hallowed by the scenes of Tuesday night, which none of us will ever forget.

REMARKS OF ELIJAH R. KENNEDY

Standing in the amphitheatre, addressing the Roman populace, Mark Antony in the play is describing the

assassination of Cæsar, and as he refers to the fall of the great man he exclaims, "Then you, and I, and all of us fell down." Young Alfred Raymond is dead, but the loss is not alone that of his parents; it is the loss of Plymouth Church, and it especially shocks each of us fathers who have sons grown to manhood. I know there are several of us here to-night who feel so keenly the bereavement that has plunged us all into mourning, that it is difficult to avoid a sort of feeling that death has invaded our own households.

I did not know young Raymond as well as some of you did. I have not been in this church long. But I admired him very much. I observed somewhat, and I learned more, of the work he did in every department of the activity of this great church. I saw most of him in the work of Plymouth League. A year ago they elected me President of that society. It was several months before I was notified of my election; and then I protested that I could not find time to perform the duties of the office. Upon the assurance that all the work would be done by committees, I accepted the honor that had been offered. And now I have to declare that, except for the work of the ladies,—they decorated the room above, when we had the reception to Dr. Hillis, and they provided bountifully and served gracefully refreshments on several occasions,—Alfred Raymond did the entire work of the League during the year. When he said certain

arrangements would be made, I felt sure they would be; and I was never disappointed. He made no fuss. He never boasted. Indeed, he never even promised much. He quietly said that certain things should be done; and they were done.

I wish I had told him how much I admired him, but I never had an opportunity. I shall always remember him as a sweet and noble gentleman.

REMARKS OF BARCLAY DUNHAM

A little over a week ago, as I was entering the courtyard of Dr. Raymond's house, a friend of Alfred's stopped me and said, "How is your brother?" He was my brother, in the best sense of the word; and, though I am not a member of your church, I need make no excuse for adding my tribute to his memory.

Alfred and I went to school together, and slept together. In my life I have never come into contact with so white a soul and so pure a mind. His motto might well have been, "My strength is as the strength of ten, Because my heart is pure."

You have heard of his many and wonderful accomplishments as a man, and you have seen the flowering of his promise as a boy,—for he was then doing

the things he did better than others could do them. In the possession of his mother are at least two gold medals for first prizes in oratory, the winning of which barred him from further competing. There are books, and sets of books, which he received for excellence in Greek, in Latin, and in other studies. As he was active in manhood, so was he active in boyhood. The principle governing his life seemed to be unremitting labor, and mostly for others' benefit.

It has been my melancholy pleasure, during the last few days, to sort a large number of letters received by Alfred. They divide themselves into two classes. The first begin, "Will you help us?" the second begin, "Thank you for helping us." There is no need for comment.

Those who have spoken this evening have, in the main, confined themselves to one phase of Alfred's character; so I want to speak of his love for children, and will give you two instances. When my little boy was brought home from the hospital, where he had been for weeks, owing to an accident, Alfred, who had always had time to write to him, came up to see him the first night we had him with us. When my little girl was so ill that she could not move out of bed, Alfred always had time to come and read, and draw, and amuse her. Alfred always had time—and time enough—for any one in trouble. And as we loved him, so did the children. If there is one lesson I may

be permitted to draw from his life, it is that the perfect and rounded career is one of ceaseless activity in the service of others.

REMARKS OF ROBERT VAN IDERSTINE

We like to think of a man in connection with his relations with his fellow-men. After we have granted to him the possession of great ability, the performance of deeds that have been of service to the community, the power of teaching, or whatever else stands out when his life-work is done, we come back to his personality, his character,—the influence of his life on our own and the lives of others. In that thought, our affections are touched. More than that, these relations are the most important element in our lives. We are made to live in the society of our fellows: a normal, healthy individual cannot exist alone. Upon these social relations, using that word in a broad sense, our lives are constituted.

You and I who knew Alfred Raymond cannot think of him apart from those with whom and for whom he lived, nor apart from his church and the activities of his life. To few men is it permitted that they should fill such a place in these social relations as he did; and none could do so except such an one as

Alfred Raymond was, with his wonderful unselfishness, his sympathy, his kindness, his genial and delightful temperament.

You know, of course, that I do not intend to use the word "social" in its narrow meaning: the more or less frivolous intercourse for simple personal enjoyment. Alfred Raymond's whole life was characterized by a participation in the activities of his fellows which was the expression of his ambition to serve them and to give to them something of his own life. To you and to me it was a perpetual pleasure to be on close terms of friendship with such a man: a man without pretensions, without any assumption of piety; a man among men, and withal one whose whole life made us not only happier but better.

One of the most interesting things about him is that so much of his ability and so much of his activity were focused in the work of the church which he loved. In that church he was able to find expression for the varied powers of his mind and the promptings of his lovable and loving nature.

Others have spoken of many of the activities in which Alfred Raymond was engaged. Let me refer to only one, which comes to my mind because of these thoughts to which I have tried to give expression: his relations with and his influence upon younger men and boys. I know something of Alfred Raymond's life and work with them, and have watched it for

some years. There are few of my acquaintances whose influence with younger men and boys could be compared with that which he exercised.

When some of us try to teach or guide boys who are approaching manhood, we fail because we become pedants, or because we don't know how, or in some way do not inspire in them the affection, the confidence, and the esteem which is necessary to that relation. Alfred Raymond succeeded; and it was not so much because of his ability, though he had it, for that is not the most important thing: he succeeded because he was the soul of sincerity, because he had a genuine affection for and interest in these boys, because his character was such that he commanded their respect and confidence, because his personality was such that he commanded their affections. In Plymouth Sunday School he taught a class of these young men. In the church, he became President, leader in fact, as well as in name, of the Young Men's Club. To no one of his friends was his death harder than to these scores of young men; and their lives, I venture to predict, will be the richer and the better for having known him.

REMARKS OF DR. EDWARD EVERETT CADY

Alfred Raymond impressed me as the most Christ-like *young* man I ever met. I did not know him in-

timately, as many of you did; but it was not necessary to know him intimately to realize the beauty of his character, or the source whence that beauty came. It isn't necessary to explore the Arctic regions to realize the purity and whiteness of snow: a handful suffices for that; and five minutes' conversation with Alfred Raymond was sufficient to show the purity and whiteness of his nature. Further acquaintance might make one love him more; but it could not make one more certain that his life was patterned after Jesus Christ.

If I were to sum up in one word the impression Alfred Raymond made on me, it would be this—gentle. He was a gentle-man, and his life, and the words we have heard to-night concerning him prove how much more real power there is in gentleness than in force. Gentleness and kindness are Christ-like qualities, and that was why Alfred Raymond reminded us of Christ; they are powerful qualities, and that is why Alfred Raymond accomplished so much.

I remember, with great pleasure, how he used to stand at the door of this room and greet me, as I passed homeward, with a smile that will always linger in my memory because of its peculiar gentleness. I thought of it this summer while in the woods, and of the kindly face in the choir which was always a part of the Sunday service to me. His smile, his words, his life, exerted a positive influence for good on every

person who came near him, and this influence will not die with him, but will go on and on to others forever; for "Kind words can never die."

Briefly summed up, the lesson of Alfred Raymond's life to me was one of gentle helpfulness to others; the great lesson, after all, of Christ's life, brought nearer home. The positive force of gentleness and helpfulness, which Alfred Raymond possessed in large measure, he gave without stint to this church; and now that he is gone, the first practical question that comes home to us to-night is this—who is going to take his place? Surely not any one man, or two, or three men of my acquaintance can do so. It will require the united efforts of several of us who are near his age to do his work. Are we willing to undertake it—to make the effort—to do what we can?

I have thought almost with fear of the decimation in our ranks during the past year, and have asked myself what is to become of Plymouth Church, now that so many of these strongest pillars have been taken away. Most of us owe much to Plymouth Church; some of us owe all the faith we have to her. What are we going to do in return for the good we have received here? For me, the time has come to make an earnest effort to do more than I have ever done before for this church, and I promised myself, when Alfred Raymond lay in his casket here in this room last Tuesday night, that I would begin at once

to do the first thing that offered, to fill the gap in the ranks that his going away has made. How many are there here who will join me?

[The most impressive feature of this memorial meeting was the rising of several hundred young men and women, in silent pledge of their readiness to do what was in their power for the work of Plymouth Church, in special memory of Alfred Raymond,—a pledge, the immediate effect of which was plainly seen in all departments of the church work, and, after many months, still abides.]

Resolutions of Societies, Etc.

BOARD OF MANAGERS OF PLYMOUTH LEAGUE

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 11, 1901.

My Dear Dr. Raymond:

The Board of Managers of Plymouth League, instead of passing formal resolutions, considered it more cordial to have me say to yourself and Mrs. Raymond, in the League's name, that in the death of our beloved President, the League has sustained a loss which touches every heart in its membership, all missing his cheery helpfulness, his earnest skill, and most of all his genial presence; that the League tenders to you both its heartfelt sympathy, and couples with this its heartfelt congratulations to you upon being the authors and trainers of so noble and lovely a life.

Faithfully and sincerely yours,

FRANK RUDD,

Vice-President.

YOUNG MEN'S CLUB OF PLYMOUTH CHURCH¹

The members of the Young Men's Club of Plymouth Church desire to express their sense of personal loss in the death of their friend and leader, ALFRED RAYMOND.

Since the inception of the Club, of which he was the President, unanimously chosen, he was the guide and able adviser of its councils, while his gentle and courteous manner and warm sympathy quickly won him friends among the young men. His enthusiasm was keen and contagious, and his great abilities were tirelessly devoted to the cause of Christ. His going leaves a vacant place, which we feel cannot be filled. It is good to have known him and to have called him friend, and his influence will continue to be felt long hence in the scenes of his activity. Every heart in our organization goes out in warmest sympathy to those whose closer relations than those of companion or friend make his departure to the other home so deeply felt in the one he has left; and the Club desires by this minute to convey to Dr. and Mrs. Raymond some expression of their feeling.

Alvin H. Sweeney.

Eliot V. Shepard.

Warren S. Halsey.

T. C. Davenport.

¹ This memorial was delivered to us, exquisitely illuminated and ornamented, and bound in vellum. R. W. R.

G. Harry Jackson.	Milton R. Vail.
Seth Williams.	Chauncey Ives,
Lawrence W. Atwater.	John B. Gilbert.
James R. Brown.	Dr. John C. Wyman.
Frederick W. Bosworth.	John A. Jackson.
Harris Gilbert Eames.	James Spence Neilson.
Otis L. Remington.	Spencer Tallmadge.
Edward Everett Cady.	W. L. Fish.
Wm. A. Armstrong.	Giles N. Haley.
Geo. W. Bardwell.	Henry Stark Goodspeed.
Howard G. Boardman.	Howard Talmadge.
Samuel Scoville.	Robert Van Iderstine.
J. Lee Cochrane.	W. Otis Badger, Jr.
Geo. C. Fischer.	H. V. Bicknell.
Frederic N. Gilbert.	Lewis C. Kelting.
	James S. Hall.

CONGREGATIONAL CLUB OF BROOKLYN

It is the custom of the Congregational Club of Brooklyn to take note of the death of its members, and to record its appreciation of their worth and its sense of loss in their departure.

Alfred Raymond, one of our members, died on the 28th day of October last. He had not been with us long, and was personally known to but few members of the Club; but all who knew him loved him; and

those who knew him best loved him most. He was still a young man, far on the hither side of the meridian of life, and retained the charm and beauty of youth. A sweeter, purer, or nobler soul never looked out of kindlier eyes.

He was a Christian and a gentleman by inheritance from a long line of gentle and devout ancestors; and he had not forfeited his birthright. Born and reared in Plymouth Church and under the influence of its first great pastor, he had developed, as he grew into manhood, a symmetry and beauty and strength of Christian character of the highest order. His piety was as genuine and unaffected as it was robust and manly. Bright; cheerful; possessed of a lively sense of humor; fond of fun; gifted with rare capacity to amuse and entertain; a musician and an artist; refined and graceful in his manners; courteous and cordial everywhere and to everybody; sincere, generous and unselfish; pure in thought and in word; sympathetic and altruistic in an eminent degree; zealous and practically helpful in every good work; *facile princeps* among his fellows;—such a man was the Alfred Raymond whom old and young in Plymouth knew and loved. As such a man, he would have been known and loved in this Club had his life been spared.

W. W. FREEMAN,
Secretary.

YALE UNIVERSITY, CLASS OF 1888

Whereas, Our beloved classmate, ALFRED RAYMOND, has been taken from us by the hand of death; and

Whereas, The endearing qualities of heart and soul which won our affection, and the brilliancy of intellect which gained our sincere admiration at Yale, had ripened with the years into noble and able manhood—now cut off at the very moment of full fruition;

Resolved, That we, the Class of 1888 at Yale, bear witness to our love for the man, to our pride in his rare talents, and to our profound grief at the untimely loss which has come upon us.

Resolved, That we extend to his family our heartfelt sympathy in this, their great sorrow, and that we send to them a copy of these resolutions.

LUCIUS N. PALMER,
FRED. P. SOLLEY,
EPHRAIM M. YOUMANS,

Committee.

YALE UNIVERSITY, WOLF'S HEAD SOCIETY

Whereas, Our friend and classmate, ALFRED RAYMOND, has been taken from us through the Divine wisdom;

Whereas, His upright character, his brilliant mind, and his true heart during our four years at Yale commanded, still command, and always will command our respect, our admiration, and our love;

Resolved, That we, the members of the Wolf's Head Society of the Class of 1888 at Yale College, unite in expressing our profound sorrow at our loss.

Resolved, That we extend to the members of his family our sympathy in their grief, and that we send to them a copy of these resolutions.

WOLCOTT G. LANE,

LUCIUS N. PALMER,

EDWARD A. STEVENSON,

Committee.

UNIVERSITY GLEE CLUB, NEW YORK CITY

Alfred Raymond, an active member of the University Glee Club of New York and a graduate of Yale University in the Class of 1888, died on October 28, 1901. He was a man of large attainments and sterling character, who evinced remarkable versatility in many fields of knowledge and activity. He possessed in an unusual degree both literary and musical talent, and during his connection with the Club his presence and his counsel contributed greatly to its success.

Be it Resolved, that we, the Active Members of the Club, do hereby express our appreciation of the lovable character and high ability of our late fellow-member, ALFRED RAYMOND, and our personal loss by his death; that we extend to his family our sincere sympathy in their sorrow.¹

AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF MINING ENGINEERS

At a meeting of the Council of the American Institute of Mining Engineers, held December 17, 1901, the following Minute and Resolution were adopted:

The Council desires to place on record its deep sense of the loss sustained, not only by the Secretary himself, but also by the American Institute of Mining Engineers, through the death, October 28, 1901, of Alfred Raymond, the only son and for many months past the efficient editorial assistant of Dr. R. W. Raymond, Secretary of the Institute.

At successive meetings of the Institute, and in correspondence or personal intercourse with its members, Mr. Raymond had won a wide and hearty recognition of his brilliant talents and charming personal charac-

¹ This memorial was delivered to us illuminated and framed.

R. W. R.

ter. His removal by death in the prime of his useful and most promising career deprives his parents of the dearest of sons, his innumerable friends of a cherished companion, the Institute of an esteemed and beloved servant, and the world of a devoted, generous and active lover of mankind.

MILITARY ORDER OF THE LOYAL LEGION
OF THE UNITED STATES

*Headquarters Commandery of the State of New
York.*

NEW YORK, April 1st, 1902.

At a stated meeting of this Commandery, held at Delmonico's, corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-fourth St., the following was adopted as the report of the committee appointed to draft Resolutions relative to Companion ALFRED RAYMOND (Second Class), (Insignia No. 12735), who died at Brooklyn, N. Y., *October 28th*, 1901, aged 36 years.

Report

Alfred Raymond, A.B., B.S., only surviving son of Captain Rossiter W. Raymond, A.D.C., U. S. Vol-

unteers, and Sarah Dwight Raymond, died in Brooklyn, N. Y., on the 28th day of October, 1901. He was born at Lakeville, Conn., August 31st, 1865. At the age of nineteen, after preparatory training at the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute and the Hill School, Pottstown, Pa., he entered Yale University, where he was graduated with high standing in 1888, and immediately took, at the School of Mines of Columbia University in New York, a three years' course in engineering and architecture. This was followed with two years of practice in an architect's office, after which he studied for two years at the *École des Beaux Arts* in Paris, and traveled in Algiers, Spain, Italy, Greece, Germany, France, Belgium, and Great Britain, visiting all important cities and architectural works. Upon his return in 1895 he began the practice of his profession as an architect, and designed and executed, with creditable success, during the three or four years which followed, a number of plans for residences, etc. In 1899, he became the chief assistant of his father in editing the publications of the American Institute of Mining Engineers—a work for which he was peculiarly fitted by his knowledge of foreign languages, his literary skill, and his scientific training. Although undertaken as a merely temporary service, it occupied him until his death.

Mr. Raymond was for ten years a member of Company A of the Twenty-third Regiment of the New

York National Guard, and served with his regiment in the protection of life and property from riotous assault. With humorous reference to the missiles used by the hostile crowd at Buffalo, he used to say that he had received in that affair his "baptism of fire-bricks" !

He was unusually brilliant and versatile—an artist of high merit, and a musician and poet of no mean ability. His librettos and songs evinced exceptional talent. Many of the Companions who read this notice will recall the hearty laughter and applause which greeted his singing, at the reception of Admiral Dewey by this Commandery, of one of his own songs of the Spanish-American war. He was also an amateur actor of special excellence, and frequently appeared in his own plays and operettas. These gifts he devoted with unwearied generosity to the entertainment of his friends, the support of charitable undertakings, and the social life of Plymouth Church, of which he was an active member and officer. Both within and beyond that communion, his varied accomplishments and genial disposition endeared him to large circles of those who now lament his early decease. He was unmarried.

Resolved, That this Commandery deeply regrets the untimely departure of this valued Companion, whose brilliant talents gave assurance of a life of ever-increasing usefulness and power for good.

Resolved, That the Commandery hereby tenders to his family and friends its sincere sympathy.

Resolved, That this report be entered upon the records of the Commandery and that a copy be sent to Companion R. W. Raymond, father of the deceased.

HORATIO C. KING,

Brevet Colonel, U. S. V.

GEORGE W. BRUSH,

Captain U. S. V.

Committee.

NATIONAL GUARD OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK
COMPANY A, 23RD REGIMENT.¹

At a regular meeting of Company A, 23rd Regiment, N. G. N. Y., Borough of Brooklyn, New York City, held November 6th, 1901, the following Preamble and Resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, Alfred Raymond enlisted in Company A, 23rd Regiment, N. G. N. Y., October 8th, 1888, and was fully and honorably discharged October 17th, 1898, and

Whereas, On the 28th day of October, 1901, an all-wise Providence saw fit to remove this former companion from this life:

¹ This memorial was delivered to us, engrossed and illuminated upon parchment. R. W. R.

Resolved, That we, the active members of his old company, remembering his faithful service, cheerful companionship, and willing and lasting contributions to the welfare of the organization, do suffer by his death a severe loss.

Resolved, That we hereby express our great sorrow, and extend to his bereaved family our deepest sympathy.

Resolved, That a copy of the Resolutions be sent to the family of our deceased Comrade, and be spread upon the minutes of the Company.

Committee:

DEWITT C. WELD, JR., *Chairman*
 HENRY E. STORY B. V. R. SPEIDEL
 LOUIS J. PRAEGER, *Captain*
 DEWITT C. WELD, JR., *1st Lieutenant*
 COXE G. RASMUS, *2nd Lieutenant*

Memorial Notices

YALE ALUMNI WEEKLY

Dec. 4th, 1901

From a Memorial Prepared by a Committee Representing the Class of 1888

Those of us who were privileged to know him well at college were constantly impressed with the loveliness of his nature and with his truly remarkable versatility. With a temperament essentially artistic, yet with a mind equally apt in scientific attainment or in classic lore, he combined a rare beauty of character and dignity of manhood. As an evidence of his many-sided nature, it may be recalled that the *Yale Literary Magazine* published many delightful contributions from his pen, in verse and prose. As an editor of the *Yale Record*, his skill with the pencil practically established that journal as a successful illustrated bi-weekly. His musical ability made him a valued member of the Glee Club, while his dramatic talent was well known to his classmates. His scholarship was invariably of a high order, his sense of duty unwavering, his integrity spotless.

Out in the world of work he carried the same love for the artistic, the same capacity for achievement, the same high ideals of conduct. After a three years' training at the Columbia University School of Mines, where he took the degree of Ph.B. in 1891, he spent four years of preliminary study and travel in this country and in Europe, in preparation for his chosen life-work, architecture.

And now, after five short years of activity, devoted not only to his profession and the world of art, but also—as was characteristic of the man—to the interests of his country and of his fellow-men, he has been called to lay down his work, and with it the promise of a brilliant future in this world—forever.

LUCIUS N. PALMER,
 FRED. P. SOLLEY,
 EPHRAIM M. YOUMANS,
Committee.

STRAY SHOT

“The Gunnery,”
 Washington, Conn.

The people of Washington are conscious of a great personal loss in the death of Alfred Raymond, who for several years past has been thoroughly appreciated as one of the most active and interesting members of the summer colony here. The participation

of Rev. Mr. Carter in the funeral services at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, fitly represented the Washington community as mourners for one who in many ways had identified himself with his summer home among us. . . .

Personal contact with Alfred Raymond always developed appreciation of his talents and accomplishments, which all admired; but, still more, recognition of his lovely character and his intelligent sympathy with whatever interested others—their joys and sorrows, aspirations, successes, and defeats, their intellectual and spiritual concerns. He attracted all—young and old, of every station, according as they were qualified to understand him. In Brooklyn, in Plymouth Church, at the Hill School, in the American Institute of Mining Engineers, in Washington, among the eminent men who came from a distance to attend his funeral, among the suffering poor,—to whom he had given abundant evidence of the sincerity with which he had adopted the motto he had written on the fly-leaf of his Bible: “To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world,”—he has left the memory of a strong young man sent forth to do his Master’s service, consecrating to that service unusual abilities and unselfish devotion.

In all these places named, he was as active as among us in Washington; and the work he did was of many

kinds. In Plymouth Church he is said to have been an important, or the controlling, or the only factor in ten or a dozen different lines of work, relating to the devotional, the administrative, the ethical, the esthetic, and the social concerns of the church. The sense of loss merely to the working force of the church has been such as already to have stimulated the young men to new activity, in the effort, not to make good an irreparable loss, but to keep his work alive, under the inspiration of his memory.

His success in the great variety of undertakings to which he gave his attention has been attributed to the sincerity with which he brought his abilities to bear on every task, irrespective of its importance or the capacity of his audience to discriminate. His talents and his complete use of them have had their meed of admiration and praise; and if it be suggested that the most admirable thing about him was his rare character, the same explanation may serve: as by constant endeavor he developed his talent into skill, by the same means he rounded a fine nature into a character universally recognized as exceptionally beautiful and lovable.

Friends of Alfred Raymond, to whom Washington is dear, have rejoiced in his identification with old Judea. He knew the Washington spirit, for it was kindred to his own. He was happy in its congenial atmosphere, and gladly welcomed all the opportuni-

ties and duties it afforded him. Many rare spirits have found their way to Washington, and have been attracted to make it their home and the scene of their useful labors—and then have passed from our sight. Conspicuous among these is Alfred Raymond, but his memory and his works remain. We shall not look upon his like again.

PROF. JOHN MEIGS, IN HILL SCHOOL RECORD,
POTTSTOWN, PENN.

He scarce had need to doff his pride or slough the dross of
Earth—

E'en as he trod that day to God, so walked he from his birth,
In simpleness and gentleness and honor and clean mirth.

So cup to lip in fellowship they gave him welcome high
And made him place at the banquet-board—the Strong Men
ranged thereby—

Who had done his work and held his peace and had no fear to
die.

Beyond the loom of the last lone star, through open dark-
ness hurled,

Further than rebel comet dared or hiving star-swarm swirled,
Sits he with those that praise our God for that they served
His world.

KIPLING.

Into the life of the school in its earlier years, Alfred Raymond came from a home whose spirit has been reflected, if but feebly, as has that of no other home, in the atmosphere of The Hill. His parents had been the inspiration of the inexpert youth who sought faintly to assimilate their nobler ideals in his dawning hopes and purposes for the school of these later days; and when to counsel and sympathy was added this gracious token of parental confidence and affection, there was signalized the actual birth of The Hill School of these years of greater strength and broader achievement; because this lad had in him such qualities of heart and mind as made him the teacher of his teachers, the master of his masters, by the sheer force of love and purity and gentleness and joyousness, blended with a courage that was dauntless and a serenity that was not of earth.

In the retrospect of many years I may deliberately say that only one other has taught me lessons so vital, so fundamental, as did this boy in the few years of our fellowship in the life of the School from 1880 to 1884.

Unconscious of self, eager for the service of others, ever wearing upon his heart "the white flower of a blameless life," he kindled in all about him a glow of loving, joyous sympathies that welded together the household which he alternately moved to laughter and to tears by the wit and pathos of his subtle speech.

His purity of character, which gave distinction to his whole life, even then shed its aureole about his brow; and the glory of this quality did not repel, but rather challenged others to rise with him to their Divine heritage.

Then, too, a marvelous eagerness to add to the joy and beauty of other lives was ever his. With increasing years was developed greater ingenuity and resourcefulness in invention; but in his early boyhood the same sweet unconsciousness of subtle versatility marked his tireless ministry of wit and wisdom in the leisure evening hours of the school's life.

His spirit pervaded every boyish enterprise for the amusement and the betterment of his fellows, and, though not given to preachments, his whole life in boyhood diffused the spirit of the higher levels of fellowship with Him whom he simply and radiantly served and followed.

The life of no other boy or young man that I have known matched his for sustained, undimmed, and luminous purity. In his brief thirty-six years he accomplished the end of all life—perfect harmony with the life of God, and, for the grace and glory of human life, virtually attained to the full-orbed years of old age; for, “An unspotted life is old age,” and “He being made perfect in a short time, fulfilled a long time.” The simple and fruitful lesson of this life is that a spotless boyhood is not only possible, but

is the normal precursor of the manhood whose glory is love and whose strength is goodness. These are the imperishable things—for these we may well, as boys and men, resist and renounce not merely selfishness and sordidness and uncleanness, but even the tendencies and self-indulgences that blur our vision or blunt the keen edge of our perceptions that may discern the simple, secure basis of purity of mind, sanctity of body, and self-sacrifice of spirit.

ALFRED RAYMOND AS STUDENT AND ARCHITECT

BY HENRY F. HORNBOSTEL

I first became acquainted with Alfred Raymond at the School of Mines of Columbia University in New York, which he entered, after his graduation at Yale, for the purpose of studying architecture as a profession. We were members of the same class, received our degree as Bachelors of Science together, and after a couple of years of wholesome practice in office-work with New York architects, we went together to Europe and the *École des Beaux Arts*. By that time we had become close friends, by reason of our long companionship, our common work, our similar tastes and, perhaps even more, our widely different temperaments and beliefs. I had never known, until I

met him, a young man of such strong, serene religious faith, so pure in word and act, so absolutely altruistic, yet so full of activity, enjoyment, and humor, and so easily a leader in play as well as work; and I shall never cease to be grateful for the moral benefit which I received from his companionship and example. The French students, who did not possess, and probably could not comprehend, his religious ideal, were, nevertheless, somehow impressed by it; and they recognized very quickly his social gifts, as he taught them to sing American college-songs, in witty French versions of his own, or helped them to design fantastic decorations, or worked hard and well, after the student-fashion of mutual assistance, upon the details of their belated *projets*. He was both petted and respected by them.

It was characteristic of him that he took his work seriously. He was not one who would slight a design in order to get it quickly done, and thus comply, at the least cost, with some formal class duty. But he was a wonderfully quick, as well as careful, designer, draughtsman, and colorist. While he had thoroughly and conscientiously studied all branches of his profession, I think he liked best its artistic, rather than its constructive, side; and his special joy was in beauty of architectural details, external or internal. The innumerable sketches in his note-books, made in England and in all parts of the continent of Europe,

bear witness to this. They comprise many quaint bits of roofs, dormers, belfries, etc., or combinations of color and form in ceilings and wall-decorations. His skill in water-color sketches was remarkable, considering the fact that he had not pursued this art for itself, but only used it as an aid in his professional work. One of his water-colors was accepted and hung in the *Salon*, while he was a student at Paris.

He was always doing something—and very often it was for somebody else. To give pleasure to another was apparently the greatest pleasure he desired for himself. It may easily be imagined that he was the most charming of house-mates or of traveling-companions. To these qualities in him, I owe the happiest memories of my young manhood, as well as the deeper obligation, already confessed, under which he unconsciously placed me by his pure and unworldly character.

After our return to this country, we did some things as architects together; and some things he did by himself. His characteristics as a student were exhibited in his responsible work also. Earnest, tireless, ingenious, deft of hand and brain, delicate, graceful and harmonious in details, what he wrought he wrought well; and though his early death prevented any great achievement, he has left nothing that is not creditable to him and satisfactory to those for whom it was created. What he might have ac-

completed, with so much genius, industry, and preliminary equipment of knowledge and training, it is impossible to say. A few residences and schemes of interior decoration, and a multitude of charming sketches, give indications of his versatile power. But the greatest thing he built was his own bright, high, strong life. Death did not strike soon enough to prevent the completion of that structure, and its admiring recognition by all who looked up to it.

ALFRED RAYMOND AS A MUSICIAN

BY PERCY L. ATHERTON

Alfred Raymond's nature was as genuinely musical as any I have ever known; in its appreciation of music, extraordinarily catholic. But he was first of all the artist, excelling in every form of art which he undertook, yet pouring out his finest sentiment and enthusiasm into music.

As interpreter he was unique. Those who have seen and heard a performance of "The Heir Apparent" (in which Alfred, unsupported, was the entire *dramatis personæ*) need no further testimony as to the originality of his art, his peculiar grace, his invariable good taste, his genius for artistic detail. His versatile talents as designer of costumes, author of

rhymes, singer, actor and stage-manager, made up a singularly complete equipment. The last performance of "The Heir Apparent" took place at Magnolia, Mass., on July 26, 1901, and was thoroughly successful, netting a large sum for Boston's South End Day Nursery. It was a fit farewell to his public.

He had a well-cultivated voice, unusually sympathetic in quality, and with a compass of two and a half octaves; and his retentive memory comprised a large repertoire.

His musical intelligence was very quick. In reading at sight, even in MS., he seemed to feel intuitively the intention of the composer, and often to anticipate with true musical insight. I once enlarged upon this fact, to him, and I recall his pleased surprise at my outburst.

In other directions, his interpretations were equally admirable. When he became the possessor of a pianola, he quickly mastered its technique and produced the effect—far more rare than many are pleased to think—of a genuine performer at the pianoforte.

His skill in versification, united to his love of music, naturally led him toward the writing of text for operas and songs. He had grown up in the atmosphere of the Gilbert and Sullivan operettas; had acted and sung in the principal *rôles* of some of them, with the young people of the home circle, and had thus become thoroughly imbued with the spirit of

text and music. This, no doubt, had greatly developed his natural talent for verse, and sense of rhythm.

In 1889 he began the libretto of "The Heir Apparent," and finished it in 1892.

In 1894 he wrote, in Paris, the first act of a grand opera, "Fridolin," after Schiller's ballad: "*Der Gang nach dem Eisenhammer.*" This act was submitted to professional criticism, and met with decided encouragement; but the libretto was never completed.

In 1897 or '98, he wrote the book of "The Maharaja," a brief Indian *opéra comique* in one act, for three solo voices. This, fortunately, has been completed in text and music both, and had a successful *début* at the Harvard Musical Association, in Boston, April, 1901, at which Alfred recited the occasional dialogues to musical accompaniment. Although his best and most spontaneous work was in humorous verse, yet some of the serious passages (notably in "The Maharaja") are beautiful and full of poetic feeling.

He had the knack of improvising a second, either bass or tenor, to melodies but newly heard,—a knack founded on a sure instinct and a natural sense of harmony. I recollect that when he and his aunt made a vocal duet of Rubinstein's Melody in F, with sacred words written expressly for them, he improvised the tenor part. I regret that I never wrote it down. I

could not have composed anything so rich and effective. It was the spontaneous expression of one who thought with his voice.

Such are my musical impressions of Alfred Raymond. Fate was kind to me in keeping our paths together for so long a time, and I am very grateful for the many memories of our fellowship. Not along musical lines alone do I feel myself the richer; but this is not the place to speak of other matters. His sense of the beautiful influenced everything that he did, and this it was that made his brief life so brilliant and complete.

Extracts From Personal Letters

FROM REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER

In Alfred's Boyhood, April, 1884

Now as to your letter. You seem to me like one who prays that his lamb might become a lion, his singing-bird an eagle, his tender and fragrant vine an oak. It is likely that Alfred will do his own work, and that God knew what He was about when He framed him to express the moods of purity and gentleness. You cannot shape his life for him; it is *in* him, of his own kind, and though that kind is not what you expected, it is that which God gave him. For my own part, I should be well content to see more like him. The power of *simple shining* is very great. Men seek for energy,—for a warrior's force,—but Meekness is the one quality that shall possess the earth, and there is none too much of it. What if Alfred does not see the rough materials in boys' lives, or fails to recognize the imperfections of ordinary boys' dispositions, and seems almost cut off from them by a sweeter and purer disposition; is that a thing to worry over? I

should not want my child to run the risk of being tempted in all points like as others are, that he might have sympathy; he might not be, like his Master, without sin. On the whole, I would wait to see the fruit of his life, before forming a judgment of what is best.

If I do not seem to understand your case, pray remember that I know of no others who have any such trouble; most boys have full faith in the sinfulness of sin in average mankind!

Give my love to all of the household, and believe me to be,

Ever and always,
Your loving friend and pastor,
HENRY WARD BEECHER.

FROM REV. LYMAN ABBOTT, D.D.

If I were to choose one word with which to characterize Alfred Raymond, it would be the word lovable. His intellectual versatility was remarkable. As an architect, he seemed to me to show genuine creative power. As an artist, within the lines in which he wrought, he showed equal capacity to absorb the best teachings and to make them his own in reproductions, which were more than copies. His letters, which I

was occasionally permitted to read, prove his capacity for literature, if he had chosen that as his vocation. And we all knew his charm of speech and manner in the occasional addresses, which showed that he might have become eminent as a public speaker. But beyond all these intellectual qualities was a certain versatility of temperament which I find it impossible to describe, even to myself. He had a spontaneous life, which must find expression in some form of activity: I can conceive of him as resting, but never as idle or really unemployed. He possessed a genial humor which pervaded all that he did or said or was, and made him a light-giver wherever he went. His sympathy with all sorts and conditions of men gave him a pass-key to all hearts, and his unselfish spirit put him always at the call of others, to whom he freely gave his life in unnumbered services.

There are some men whom it is impossible to believe dead; such a man is Alfred Raymond. I cannot conceive him as ever growing old, so full was he of life, or as having ceased to be the same joyous spirit in the unknown world that he was here, where we knew his winning smile and rejoiced in his always joy-bringing presence. Looking on his life, one's instinctive thought is, How natural and how attractive is the true Christian temper; how immortal the true Christian spirit!

FROM REV. ERNEST H. ABBOTT

In the midst of the sorrow, I rejoice, as I know you rejoice, not only in all the gladness, helpfulness, and wholesomeness which Alfred made more abundant in this world, but also in the certainty that such a life, controlled as it was by the Master, does not end. He was extraordinarily rich in all the brighter possessions of life; but he did not hide his Lord's money; freely he received, freely he gave; it is good to know now that he is living, as he always did live, in the joy of his Lord.

FROM WILLIAM C. BEECHER

We had all grown to love him for his innate loveliness, for his self-sacrificing goodness, and for his splendid abilities, shown in every line of work which he had ever undertaken. To very many of us it will seem as though God's hand had been laid upon our own household, so dear had he become.

FROM PROF. SAMUEL B. CHRISTY, UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

I have hoped and prayed that it might not be true. I cannot bring myself to believe that that handsome,

brilliant young man, with all of life before him, is no more. I shall never forget the evening I spent with you in Brooklyn, and I shall always rejoice that I have met him, and the picture of your life together will always remain with me as an ideal seldom realized in this world. . . .

I had hoped to see him grow into your duties and carry out the traditions for the Institute that you have created—oh, I had hoped so much for him and from him! I shall always remember him as I saw him that night, handsome as Adonis, brilliant and gentle—and so I shall always see him, clothed in immortal youth.

FROM REV. CHARLES CUTHBERT HALL, D.D.

As one who has known your dear son from his childhood, and has followed with admiration his beautiful life, I must beg to express to Mrs. Raymond and to you the intense regret with which I learn of his death. . . .

Day by day during the latter part of his illness I have borne you upon my heart, hoping so earnestly that his strength might be sufficient to resist the deadly prostration. Alas! it is otherwise; and his brilliant, charming personality is withdrawn from a circle where it was so richly appreciated, from a world where it seemed to be so greatly needed. . . .

Oh! how he will be missed and mourned! So refined, so sensitive, so richly endowed, so loyal a disciple of the Master—to give him up is almost more than human hearts can do! I know that his influence shall live,—that the beautiful completeness of his career shall inspire others.

FROM HON. WILLIAM McADOO

A man of rare and versatile talents and of an unusually chivalrous and beautiful character. I have rarely met one who so loved to please and serve his fellows, and so prodigal in the disposition of his power to make life pleasant to those around him. He threw the genial rays of a generous heart on the somber shadows of the strenuous lives of those who toil, and the patient lives of those who wait in pain and weakness.

It was refreshing to see such talents, blended so happily with self-effacement, and so free from the forwardness and conceit which often mark only pretentious mediocrity.

The world is less bright to his host of friends and admirers since he has gone, but better for that he has lived.

FROM REV. HORACE PORTER

Plymouth Church is full of noble people and earnest workers in all good causes. But Alfred Raymond had forged—nay, bounded—ahead, until he was in the foremost rank of diligent, efficient workers in the ordinary routine of church-life,—its music, prayer-meetings, Young Men's Club, Sunday School, &c. But while so active in these, he had certain brilliant gifts which, in other spheres, left him without a peer or rival.

The first time I ever met Alfred was nearly ten years ago, of an evening, in the Parish House next door to Plymouth Church. He was entertaining, in his inimitable way, the Working Girls' Club; and with heart and soul he did it as beautifully as he ever entertained Plymouth League. In story and song and recitation, he helped those poor, tired girls to forget the sadder side of life; and their joy was unbounded. In simple, unaffected conversation, also, he mingled with them, whose lives and opportunities had been so different from his own, until they were at perfect ease and inspired to the very best expression of themselves. Where did he get this wonderful versatility and adaptability?

How kind and full of sympathy he was, I can never forget, since the hour he snatched from business one day to sit by my side in the hospital and show

me the photographs he had taken in the Maine woods. Because I could not go to the woods he brought the woods to me, in beautiful pictures and still more beautiful stories of them.

FROM OTHER FRIENDS

NEW YORK CITY.

I am proud and happy to think that I am one of Alfred Raymond's friends—one, as I do not doubt, among many others, whom he in his unselfishness has helped through many hard times.

His sweet, sound advice has saved me from many blunders and many errors. I am grateful for every minute spent with him, for every word he spoke to me, and for all his pure, noble, and loving friendship. How much sunshine he has brought me! You do not know, but can well imagine.

M. A. N.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Knowing much of what Alfred was, did, and still promised, in life, in the work of Plymouth Church,

and in leadership among the younger generation, which is now soon to take up and carry on the work of the fathers in directing and guiding the life and energies of the church, I thank you for him and his example to those who are to take his place and carry on his work. And I esteem it a privilege to bear witness that Alfred was in every sense a pure, noble, and worthy son and heir; pure, noble, and worthy in training, faculty, character and promise, and not less so in the use he had already made of them, and in the life he had lived before us all to the end.

Dying still young, he has yet left you a heritage of sweet and proud memories from which you can never be separated. By his death, your name and succession may be cut off; but his name and yours are now established in all our hearts, and we will, with you, cherish those sweet and proud memories of him forever.

J. A. S.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Others will speak of qualities for which Alfred Raymond stood as a brilliant example. I wish simply to say that, as a young man of nearly the same age, he helped me to "keep the faith." I do not believe it is given to a young man to perform a finer service for his own generation than just that.

I trust that this single word of appreciation will unite with the words of others in helping you to know how his fellows regarded him.

W. B. A.

BOSTON, MASS.

The sunny, gifted, open nature could not fail to make an enduring impression upon every one who knew Mr. Raymond, even upon one whose knowledge of him was gained through occasional meetings only. And his name will always recall to me his personality, which was individual and distinct.

One cannot witness the going of such a soul without intimations and insights, which we scarcely gain, I think, until we are sensitized by the fact that it is a contemporary who is faring beyond our own range of experience, and into the far mystery, alone. . . .

One cannot imagine such a nature as anything but radiant and active, and it is small wonder that the race ponders and speculates over the mystery toward which we must all advance.

E. W. B.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

From earliest boyhood when I learned to know and dimly appreciate his character, all through the years

of youth and manhood, when I came to understand, through increasing intimacy, what it was in him which was so different from most other men, I have admired and loved him. And I am only one of very, very many upon whom the beauty of his nature has made the same indelible impression. No one among all my acquaintances could have gone and left behind him so large a void, so many genuine mourners.

In all your sorrow, you will ever have the comfort of knowing that a very large circle of friends,—more than are attracted to most men,—will carry through their lives a truer sense of the beauty of Christianity through having seen and rejoiced in his lovely life.

J. N. B.

MONTCLAIR, N. J.

We saw so much of him at our home in Florence, some years ago—at a time, too, when we were exiled at a distance from all our old friends,—that we grew to love him dearly, and our boys fairly worshipped him. He was so good and kind to them and devoted himself to them so unreservedly, that it was only when we had put the younger ones to bed that we were able to enjoy him for ourselves, and revel in his fresh, suggestive, brilliant conversation until far into the night.

J. R.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

I knew him well enough to love him and to feel the influence of his well-nigh perfect character. Indeed, I consider myself one of *many* young men, lucky enough to know him, who will take his life as an incentive, as well as an example, of how nearly Christ-like a man may be.

E. F. R. D.

RIEGELSVILLE, PA.

I have known Alfred since he was a small boy, and have always admired his manly ways and his bright intellect. Even now I cannot think of him as having left us, but see him again in his boyish sports around the old Durham furnace; his swimming-matches, and his foot-races along the river bank; his tennis court at the "reservoir;" his Punch-and-Judy-shows; and the charades, the four-in-hand drives, and—what I know you loved best of all—his singing on Sunday evenings at the old Durham home.

Alfred was a lovable boy and a lovable man; and knowing the home-life that was so dear to all of you as a family, I fully realize what your loss is. The record of his pure and unselfish life, his Christian character, and the devotion he always gave you, must ever be a source of great comfort. We have his beautiful gentle life to remember.

B. F. F.

I have just come in from the Sunday School service, the third memorial of your dear son which has been held in Plymouth; and yet it seems as if not half has been said.

I hope some one took notes for you of the loving words that were spoken Friday evening; but no pen could describe the impressiveness of the closing prayer of consecration, as we stood pledged to do some one thing to help on the work of Plymouth Church, which will so greatly miss the devoted activity of Alfred Raymond.

I. H. O.

FLAGSTAFF, ARIZONA.

To all who have been privileged to know Alfred Raymond here, I feel sure there is one thought—one that is almost a bond—in common. That is, the feeling that we have never known his like, so there is no one, no one anywhere, to take his place for us. Well will it be for the best of us if we can leave such a memory, such an inspiration, as his life has been. . . .

Last evening I lay in a reverie, and my mind drifted toward some of the plans I had under consideration two years ago; and all at once I was startled out of it by the realization that I had been going over the details of my house-plan with Alfred, just as if he were here in his own dear, proper person.

When it came to me I said, "Why, why, he is not dead. Of course he's not dead!" And then the sense of loss came over me with redoubled force. But the love I have had always, the love I shall have always for that dear, inspiring soul, was renewed in that all-too-brief communion. And that he was with me—with the best of me—is just as tangible a remembrance as any I have ever had of his joyous companionship in years gone by. And nothing shall ever deprive me of it.

D. M. R.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

His tender, loving influence dates, for Helen and me, from the time when he won our hearts in Arizona, by writing an epitaph for "Chicken Little," our pet chicken which had just died. And there are a number of other things which we remember so well, and have talked over. For instance, in Brooklyn, just before we started for Europe, when he took us, two bashful little girls, up into what I believe now is Aunt Susie's room, and read to us and played with us for hours, it seems to me, until it was time to go to bed. One Christmas story he read was about a little girl who lived in a lighthouse and captured a goose for her father's and her Christmas dinner. It was in a number of the "St. Nicholas," and having

looked it up since, all the delights of that evening came back to us.

But his stay in Touraine was altogether delightful for us, and it is all very sweet to think over now. I do wonder how he managed to make those old châteaux so delightful: I certainly took no historical interest in them then; and yet I remember their histories quite well, and the way he told them to Helen and me, never letting us get bored by trotting around after grown people; always gentle. We did miss him and the others so much when they left for Blois; but the reunion on the thirty-first of August, "Uncle" Alfred's birthday and mine, we shall never forget. Such wild fun as we had! Each one of us had a gingerbread pig, and "Uncle" Alfred and I so many other things that I forget what any of them were.

The details of that delightful time Mother, and no doubt Helen, could tell you better than I; just the general pleasantness of it is what I remember best, a kind of pleasantness that came from his own personality, that made every one happy. And he did enjoy everything so much himself!

There are countless things, beautiful, sweet or funny, that he said or did, which come to me from time to time, and which some time I will sit down and write to you.

M. R.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

It was my privilege to know Alfred, and, knowing him, it was a necessity to appreciate his rare and steadfast spirit and its power upon the lives of those who lived closest to him. He stood absolutely alone among the men whom I have met for the marvelous combination of his endowments. His faith in the higher world was more real and his capacity to enjoy this one more keen, than that of any other I have known. Goodness, courage, intellect and charm were lavished upon him, and lavishly he used his gifts for others. . . .

He was one of the very, very few young men whose influence was *always* unswervingly for the best side, and who made practical use of his opportunities to do good, instead of drifting into visionary philosophy.

“ Heartily know,
When half-gods go
The gods arrive.”

I think Alfred never wasted a moment upon the half-gods. It was all so real, so sure with him that he made others sure by the strength of his own convictions. I am very happy that it was my fortune to have known that rare spirit while it dwelt upon earth.

M. F. M.

BOSTON, MASS.

It was our good fortune, when living in Paris, to have Alfred located near. He always made time to drop into our little *salon* Saturday afternoons, at our weekly receptions, because he knew it gave us pleasure to have him do so. And among the choice group of F.'s artist friends Alfred was one of the most brilliant. He possessed the rare power of winning instant understanding and full sympathy. Indeed, his was a life that unconsciously radiated inspiration to others, through its very self-forgetfulness. To know, to love, to serve, were the uses of his being. Whatever Alfred gathered through books, music, travel or direct intercourse with other minds, he gave out freely, so that his every talent became a rich, social gift to his friends.

Memories of many happy hours with your dear boy have come to me since hearing the sad tidings that in this world I shall no more see his handsome, sunny face.

But now I write to you particularly to tell you of two precious acts in Alfred's life that you know not of.

In Paris, one stormy, dreary day, news came to me from Boston that my dear father had passed away. The echo of sorrow reached Alfred and he came to me immediately, and by his sweet sympathy lifted up my heart and strengthened me. Strong, young and

with every earthly blessing, Alfred knew life's sorrows chiefly through sympathy, yet I know he helped to sustain many a soul through its Gethsemane.

Another act, in which Alfred surprised his warmest admirers, now comes before me. The Rev. Mr. Newell, who had been for a long time at the head of the well known "Girls' Club" in Paris, died while we were there. There was a large gathering of people at his funeral, for he was greatly beloved. After remarks had been made by others, Alfred Raymond arose and spoke words that none who heard could ever forget. This young man, whom most of his hearers knew as an entertaining social favorite, stood before them as one inspired, comforting those who mourned, wiping away tears, carrying their thoughts from the grave to the glories of Paradise. He spoke in the noble discharge of Christ-entailed duty. He tried to impart to others the same trusting hope in a Saviour's love that he himself felt. Surely, for so rich a nature, Eternal Rest cannot mean idleness, but rather a state where loving labor for others is the sweetest rest.

L. B. R.

WASHINGTON, CONN.

We all loved Alfred Raymond, and I was quite touched when a mother of one of our Washington

young men, who was brought up in the Gunnery and sings in the church choir, told me that this son loved to stand by Alfred Raymond in the choir—"not merely because he was such a good singer, but because it inspired me to noble living, just to stand next him."

I think often of his family, and how grievously they must miss him; and I thank God that they are able to make real to us the Christian faith. To rejoice in tribulation is the Christian privilege; and every one who is able to do so lifts the whole world nearer to God!

M. G. B.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

During my visit at Washington, he and I started together for a walk from "Hilltop." Two little girls met us and each took hold of one of Alfred's hands. Soon one was called away for a moment by her mother; she gave the hand which she had held into her comrade's charge, saying, "Now don't let any one get that; I will be back in a minute."

So we went on, the one little girl holding fast to both of Alfred's hands till her friend returned.

W. L. N.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

I have known the same anguish and have found the comfort from the same Source that you have drawn

from. As you were with your beloved boy and friends were about you, I took Alfred's dear letter to me at the time of my beloved son's departure, and read it over and over,—not the kind of letter many young men could have written. It seems to me so many of its expressions could so well apply to him. “Indeed [in Alfred's going] there could be no gloom of death, but only the joyous sunshine of a young hero's triumph.” I send you the letter, that you may take the comfort from his own words.

A true Sir Galahad, surely!

F. O.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

I am thinking of him all the time as he enters his new home, where he surely will not feel like a stranger. His heavenly beauty of character will now find its congenial and fitting environment, and it is easy to imagine the warm welcome he has received, and his sweet smile as he meets the dear ones awaiting him.

And even his life here has been phenomenal in its beauty and blessedness. How universally he was beloved! It seemed as if he lived in an atmosphere of love and light, and so he carried with him a sense of good cheer and sweetness,—and, with all his delicacy of body and spirit, there was no lack of manliness.

He was so different from most men, it seems as if he was sent from Heaven to bless our lives and show us how to live an ideal, bright, happy Christ-life.

H. S.

BOSTON, MASS.

It took me days to put myself in the attitude of facing life without the loving, sunny, bubbling-over presence of our dear Alfred. I say "our," for he belonged to many households.

You both will, I know, understand me when I say that the cup of sorrow has deep, rich rejoicing in it; the glorious pride we have in such a life, short but complete, we must admit, is a benediction for us all. Whoever knew Alfred, was the better for him. He radiated purity and love. . . .

Never have I known a private individual so universally admired and almost revered as he. . . .

While my heart aches, my soul is full of joyful memories.

M. L. A.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

How he grew from his babyhood to his beautiful, incorruptible, pure Christian manhood, among us; how he knew and felt with us all our sorrows, losses,

changes, and never changed toward any of us, save to become more loving and true; and how he graced and cheered every place and every occasion, in his own peculiar way, that called forth not alone praise for his rare talents, but love for what he was!

A. H. W.

WINCHESTER, MASS.

There has always been a sort of radiance in my thought of him, so that there is less a change in attitude toward so bright a spirit than if he had seemed before more like common humanity. I am sure it is a feeling many have shared; and yet, his altogether human sympathy and humor and affectionateness keep him still near and not remote,—as one cannot feel of every departed friend, truly as one may believe.

A. H. C.

VIENNA, AUSTRIA.

Just now the news has come across the sea that the beloved Alfred has left you for the Heavenly Country, and my heart is drawn toward you all in love and sympathy. It is a very strong personal feeling with me, for I do feel that Alfred was one of my boys too.

I was always fond of him, ever since he spent some weeks at our house when he was a little fellow. His holidays had not begun yet, and the rest of your family were in the country. We all grew to love him, for he was as gentle, winning and modest as he was gifted, manly and pure-hearted. There was something so guileless about him,—he was the child Sir Galahad then; it was easy to foresee what a noble, knightly, chivalric man he was destined to be.

And now, in his manly bloom, you have been called upon to part with him for awhile. I know how you all must miss him, not only in the home-circle, but in the church-family, and in many, many circles outside. . . .

Can you not picture him now, in the full bloom and vigor of heavenly manhood, engaged in service and study such as even his rare intelligence could not compass here?

C. B. C.

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